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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

W. P. WALTON, - - - Editor and Proprietor

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DEMOCRATIC STATE AND COUNTY TICKET.

FOR SUPERIOR JUDGE—M. A. E. RICHARDS.

FOR APPELLATE CLERK—CAPT. T. J. HENRY.

FOR COUNTY JUDGE—E. W. BROWN.

FOR COUNTY ATTORNEY—D. R. CARPENTER.

FOR COUNTY CLERK—JOHN BLAIN.

FOR ASSESOR—J. H. HOCKER.

FOR JAILER—T. D. NEWLAND.

FOR SURVEYOR—F. B. HOWARD.

FOR CORONER—W. J. DAUGHERTY.

FOR CONSTABLE (STANFORD PRECINCT)—TOLBERT MARTIN.

Praise the Lord.

We copy the following from the *Dayton Journal* which is addressed to its editor:

DAYTON, O., July 21, 1882.—Dear Sir—Allow me to do a thing I seldom venture upon, viz: Correct a report of my utterances. Once and again I am reported as calling Col. Robert Ingersoll "Bob Ingersoll." Allow me to say that, if I am a "crank," I am a gentleman born and bred. No one has a right to degrade me, as above, by putting a false utterance in my mouth. Col. Ingersoll is a man whom, personally, I respect. He is a noble type of manhood. That makes his teachings so dangerous. If he were a blackguard, "Bob" (I) he could never do the awful work he is accomplishing. But, gentleman as he is, scholar as he is, intellectual giant as he is, and, above all, attacking a theological God, who is wholly indefensible, by Dr. Talmage, Judge Black, or any one else, he stands upon such a vantage ground, that I do not wonder he is "sweeping the decks" by his oratory and making infields of thousands upon thousands of the best thinkers of our Nation—old and young. And I frankly confess here, that I have often said from the platform, that if I had no other God than the God whom Col. Ingersoll so fiercely, justly and successfully assails, I would gladly take refuge as he does in the only comforting thought left, that there is no God. Oh, if he only knew my God, and the God and Father of our Lord, JESUS CHRIST. I believe he would trust and love and preach Him as I do, while abating not a whit of his opposition to the devil enthrone, whom so many thousand in and out of the Church are trying to worship and serve. How unsuccessfully, let the dead churches and dead church-goers witness. "The stream rises not higher than its source."

Thinking as above, you see how impossible it is for me to speak of Col. Ingersoll as "Bob." May I ask you to insert this as early as possible, and oblige. Yours truly,

GEO. O. BARNES, Evangelist.

In another part of the same paper the subjoined occurs:

The Rink revival, if it may be called a revival, so far, continues. Rev. Geo. O. Barnes holds the fort, and in his sermon last night, took occasion to remark that he would stay here all Summer but that the Lord should yet capture Dayton. He announced his intention of staying through August, and proposes to fight it out on the line he has laid down.

He selected his text from the 5th chapter of the Gospel according to St. John, "After this there was a great feast of the Jews, etc." He said in the beginning that God is known now, since the cross of Christ, as the God of all grace—not some grace, but all grace, nothing but goodness, no alloy about it the devil would make you believe. Therefore His is not a judgment seat where the extent of our punishment is to be meted out. And Christ came down from above to represent God. I want to night to stamp my foot as well as I can upon this miserable theory that God is a God of judgment, of punishment, of retribution. He is a God of all grace, and I would have it understood.

Why did Jesus come down to this earth? Simply to declare the great pleasure of the Father. Remember his is a throne of grace—not a throne of judgment—grace triumphant, and through grace there is righteousness even unto eternity. Christ came down here to disseminate grace to us prodigals.

A MASHER SET BACK.—The shower came up, or rather it came down—a shower never comes up—so unexpectedly that nearly every body was taken by surprise, and Jefferson street was in a panic. Young Masher, who never goes without an umbrella, saw his opportunity and sailing up to the prettiest girl with the prettiest hat in all Burlington, made a bow that was warranted to kill across the street and said, "May I offer you my umbrella?" "Oh, a thousand thanks!" she said; "papa will bring it down to his office in the morning." And she sailed away dry-shod, leaving him desolate and soaking in his loneliness, like a pelican in the wilderness, and as a weather-vane upon the house-top.

Boiling hair in a solution of tea will darken it, says an exchange, but some folks don't like to have their tea darkened in that way.

Two Thousand Weddings.
A letter from West Alexander, Pa., to the Pittsburg *Dispatch* says: Justice Mayes, the famous marrying Squire, whose readiness with the words which bind is known to every pair of youngsters yearning to be one within a radius of several States, ten days ago celebrated his two thousandth marriage. His official signature now stands at the bottom of 2,003 marriage certificates, and 4,006 people have stood up before him and thought his plain words the most eloquent and musical in the language. If the domestic hearth-stones which he had created were piled together they would make a very respectable quarry; if all the happiness he had occasioned could but rebound to his own heart, he would be blest above mortals; could the divorce fees he laid the foundations for return to his own pocket, his children's children might still have a comfortable patrimony.

Marital affects seems to be indigenous to the soil hereabouts. The town itself was christened by its founder, Robert Humphrey, as far back as 1796, after the maiden name of his wife, Margaret Alexander. The marrying Justice himself has not escaped the infection, or perhaps has been a physician not afraid to take his own medicine. The lady who now presides over his household is his 3rd wife. The town itself is an unpretentious little place, a quiet old pine town, wearing but few architectural adornments in the way of wedding finery. It is situated on the line of the old National pike. Its neighboring town, Clayville, helps in modest way to perpetuate the memory of the Kentuckian statesman to whose broad, public spirit the great thoroughfare of former days owes its existence.

Joseph Finley Mayes is now close to sixty five years old, and carries his winters lightly. The frosty rime is on his brows and chin, but his voice is cheery and his tongue as chipper as ever. He has been so much a public feature recently that his story as a descendant of a line of knot-tiers is pretty well known. He has compiled the record of his matrimonial work in periods of five years. During the first five years he married 203 couples; the second, 369; the third, 507; the fourth, 834. The record shows the names of the contracting parties, the date, and the fee given for each marriage. Up to the present time Squire Mayes has received for performing marriage ceremonies the sum of \$6, 262.14, or an average of \$3.12½ per couple during the term of 20 years. The fee allowed by the law was \$2 up to 1865, when it was increased to \$3. About half a dozen couples paid nothing, some paid the regular fee and others paid as high as \$5, \$10, and one party was so liberal as to fork over \$20. The lowest amount received, as shown by the ledger, was 90 cents. Most of the couples married here are from West Virginia and Ohio, of course, where the license fee is a tax upon matrimony. The justice shrewdly puts out the enticing advertisement: "No marriage license required in Pennsylvania," and incloses his card. The young couple show it to their friends, of course, and so the trade is fostered. Thirty couples of the two thousand were colored. Fifty of the men made happy were named Smith, and thirty-two of these were baptized John. Fourteen of the ladies did not change their names. Business has ranged in briskness from six couples in one day to several days without any.

A Nihilist's Confession.
An extraordinary story, which could scarcely possess a stronger title to discredit than the fact that St. Petersburg correspondent sent it to a Paris paper, has just been made public. The story runs that a young nihilist called upon the Chief of Police in St. Petersburg, a short time ago, and on being admitted to his presence, avowed himself a member of a revolutionary party, and stated that he had been sent to warn the Emperor that if he granted a constitution he would fear no conspiracy, but that if he persisted in his reactionary policy nothing could save him. At this point in the interview the police officer seemed anxious to call in assistance, but the young nihilist stopped him and added: "I do not wish to be subjected to the indignity of torture. I am coming here I have sacrificed my life. I could have killed you, but we do not commit murder uselessly." With these words he stepped back a few paces, and knocked two large buttons, with which his cuffs were fastened, against his forehead. The buttons being full of an explosive substance, burst, and inflicted such wounds on the young man that he expired in a few moments, leaving no trace as to his identity.

A prominent lawyer the other evening at a social party was called on to ask a blessing. It was a part of the practice he was not familiar with, but it never does for a lawyer to intimate that there is any thing he does not know, and so Mr. — lowered his head and asked a blessing as follows: "O, Lord, forgive us, we know not what we do, amen." There was scarcely a dry eye in the house.—[Elizabethtown News.]

Potatoes may be kept for years. Dust the floor of the bin with lime, put in about six or seven inches of potatoes and dust with lime as before; repeat this process, till all are stored. One bushel of lime will do forty bushels of potatoes; more may be used, the lime rather improving the flavor.

Lawyers and Criminals.
We do not know whether there is any use of calling attention to the growing excesses of the bar all over the country in the defense of criminals, of which this Guiteau case furnishes another illustration, and which is fast making American criminal justice a by-word all over the world, and increasing enormously the delays and uncertainty of the law. But the master is one which calls loudly for one kind of reform. The advocates' duty, even if we accept the widest definition of it, ever made is a professional duty. In defending a prisoner, he remains a lawyer, and is bound to do for him all that a lawyer may properly and honestly do, by way of obtaining a full and fair examination of his case. But of late years the tendency of the counsel is to consider himself the prisoner's agent for facilitating his escape from punishment in any way that may suggest itself; or, if total escape be impossible, the utmost attainable postponement of the sentence. The result is thorough frivolousness in the conduct of the trial—frivolous exceptions, frivolous questions, unnecessary witnesses, endless applications for new trials, for stays of proceedings, for habeas corpus and certiorari, no matter how hopeless or absurd. If this fail, he goes to work to get up petitions for pardon, and the opinions of "experts," and articles for crazy and venal newspapers, and all other machinery of a "movement." It now remains to add assistance in breaking jail to the list of criminal lawyer's duties, and then the last shred of the professional character will have disappeared from him; instead of being the prisoner's advocate, he will have become his "pard" occupied in getting him out of trouble by any device that comes to hand.—[New York Nation.]

Female Gamblers.
Another thing the women do, but less openly, says a correspondent at Saratoga, is to play cards for money, and many of the private parlors of the Grand Union and Congress Hall could tell pretty tales of their fair faces, flushed neither with rouge nor wine, but with the excitement of gambling. Betting at races, which has become so common among the ladies, has stimulated their love of chance, and the desire of playing for gold has been brought over from Europe.

In London last winter I was astonished at hearing of a card party given by an American lady whose name is known throughout this country. The company was small, all but one American, and it was given one Sunday evening, though in her own land the lady's religious scruples forbade her driving in Central Park on the Lord's day. That night—there were no gentlemen present—two thousand dollars and a number of diamond rings changed ownership. Poker is the favorite game here, and in the warm afternoons, when the ladies are supposed to be enjoying their inevitable siesta, a good many, arrayed in dressing-saques and skirts, and fortified with claret cobblers and Roman punch, are making their pin money, and some of the worst scampers that married women get into is in trying to account for their lack of jewels to their husband.

Adulteration has become a science. We water our stock, and sand our sugar, and dilute our prayers with many words, and have fallen so low that we use glue in our ice cream. What an appetizing combination is glue and cream. We don't know what the glue is made of, and for that matter we don't know what the cream is made of, though we have a strong feeling that any self-respecting cow would repudiate the idea that she had any thing to do with its manufacture; but when the glue and the cream are properly compounded one is able to buy a heaping plate of the refreshment at the old price, while the profits of the saloon keeper are indefinitely increased. The beauty of the glue is that it makes the ice cream frothy, and deludes the unwary into the belief that he gets a great deal more than he pays for. There may, however, be a moral side to this matter, and if glue taken internally will only make some men stick to their word, and make others stick to their business instead of spending most of their time attending to other people's, it will cease to be an adulteration and become a boon.

The East Mississippi Co-operative Endowment Association of West Point, Miss., purports to be chartered by the State, and, in addition to the usual matrimonial department, with its promise of \$1,000 within sixty days after receipt of satisfactory proof of marriage of the beneficiary, has also a birth department, holding out to parents the glittering bait of \$1,000 or \$2,000 for each child born to them.

Corn is not easily identified, and farmers who choose to mix their neighbor's crops with their own by night can hardly ever be convicted. In this dilemma, a secret society at Ewing, Ind., whips every man suspected of corn thieving in that neighborhood, each member striking one blow, so as to equalize the responsibility for mistakes.

A Dublin medical student sought to bribe a London doctor to go to Dublin, and, under a disguise, pass the examination which he himself felt incompetent to undergo.

Agriculture not only gives riches to a nation but the only riches she can call her own.

Circumcised.
A Quincy druggist was sitting beside the base-burner in his store staring at the rows of bottles on the shelves and wondering why people don't take more medicine, when the door softly opened, and an eight-year-old urchin dodged in. Walking up to the compounder of prescriptions he said:

"Mister, aint there some kind of stuff that you kin rub on that'll make a fellow's skin as tough as an elephant's?"

The druggist looked the boy over, and replied:

"Yes, the oil of tannin will harden the skin, if that's what you mean."

"That's the trick I'm playin' for exactly. Gimme ten cents worth."

While putting it up the druggist asked:

"What do you want to harden your hands for? Going to the country to work?"

"Work nothin', an' my han's is as tuff as rawhide now. I'm just a working up a little scheme to circumvent the old woman's slipper. I tried a layer o' ole leather, but she tumbled to my little game at the first interview, an' when I fell back on a folded newspaper she heard it cracklin' before she got me on her knee, but if this here stuff does its duty, I think I've got the bulge on her, right from the word go. How long does it take such a thing to put on a pad thick enough to knock the fire out of an average spankin'?"

When the desired information was given him, he trotted off down the street singing: "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

A Valuable Invention for Compositors.

The printers of the city have invented a new composing stick invented and patented by Mr. C. L. Divine, superintendent of the mechanical department of the *Indianapolis Journal*, which is pronounced by them the most desirable improvement that has ever been attempted in that line. It is intended more particularly for newspaper work, and has a wide extension, as well as being arranged for change of measure. When closely adjusted it is two inches deep, but in course of type setting the stick can be extended or deepened to four inches, if the "take" of copy should require, and that simply by pressure of the thumb upon the rule. This obviates the necessity of a compositor lugging two sticks to the galley, with his copy in his mouth, and the annoyance of looking up and taking care of an extra stick. Many alleged improvements have been made in a printer's stick, but this of Mr. Divine is said by old types to be the only one of value and positive utility ever attempted, and it will be hailed by the craft as a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

A ROPE FROM SHEEP'S ENTRAILS.
A strong and durable article of belting is made at Oakland, Cal., out of the entrails of sheep. The entrails, which will average about 55 feet in length, are first thoroughly cleaned and then placed in vats of brine, where they remain some days. When thus prepared they are not much thicker than a piece of common cotton twine, and will sustain a weight of about ten pounds. The next stage in process of manufacture is to wind the prepared material on bobbins, after which the process is the same as in making common rope. This method is used to produce a round belt; but where a wide flat belt is to be made a loom is employed, and the fine strands are woven together, as in ribbon manufacture. The flat belts are made of any size, and the round of sizes varying from one-sixteenth up to one and a half inches in diameter. The round belts are made either in the form of a smooth cord, or as ropes, with from three to five large strands.

An amusing scene occurred in Baltimore recently. A young policeman was secretly married to a young lady, and when the young lady's father interfered with them on their way back from the wedding, the newly made husband arrested his father-in-law for disorderly conduct, and had him detained in a police station until he and his bride were safely out of reach.

"Why," some writer asks, "is a brilliant man less brilliant with his wife than with any one else?" Well, we suppose she asks him for money often than any one else. You take to her more than to your dearest and most brilliant friend, and see what will become of his brilliancy in your presence.

"OME-A-HA!"—A pretty brunette, who scored her early triumphs in San Francisco, appeared at a New York theatre recently and made a hit. When she was called before the curtain the actress expressed her delight at the warmth of her reception, and declared that she felt as much at home as if she were in her dear old theatre in San Francisco. "Indeed," she said, "it seems to me as if I had one foot in San Francisco and one in New York." Whereupon a fellow in the gallery shouted in a stentorian voice: "Give me a ticket for Omaha." The audience screamed with laughter, though the point where the joke comes in is not visible to the naked eye.

Michigan has a very stringent law

for the protection of small birds,

which forbids the killing of a robin,

nighthawk, whippoorwill, finch, thrush,

lark, sparrow, cherry bird, brown

thrasher, wren, martin, oriole, woodpecker, bobolink, or any other song

bird, under a penalty of \$2 for each

bird killed, and for each nest robbed,

ten days in the county jail.

"Yes," said the farmer, "we've got the smallpox at our house. But don't let it be known. You see in my city

cousins'll be tumbling in on me in a few days. I shall be glad to see 'em and tell 'em to stay forever. But won't it be fun to see 'em scatter with the got out on the facts?"

Ben Thompson, manager of a theatre at San Antonio, Texas, appeared on the stage while a fight was in progress, and quelled it by shooting three bullets through the ribs of three gas burners, just to show how easily he could hit the disturbers if he tried.

"Yes," said the landlord at the beach, "I'll clear the piazza of them men without asking them to leave it,"

and he went out and gazed at the sea through an opera glass and remarked: "I do believe Miss Dashington is in trouble. I think her bathing dress has got away from her." Rush for the beach.

It cuts one sadly to see the grief of

old people; they've no way of work-

ing it off; and the new spring brings

no new shoots out on the withered

tree.

A hundred and sixty men of Amite

County, Miss., went to jail for five

days rather than pay their fines for fail-

ure to work out the road tax.

STANFORD, KY.
Friday Morning, - - July 28, 1882

W. P. WALTON, - - - - - EDITOR

Billy Miller's Ticket.

Mr. W. H. Miller is to be congratulated upon the fruits of his zeal and patience. The egg which was supposed to be addled has at length "pipped," and the protruding head is surprisingly like our old friend Mr. J. A. Lytle. In fine, he is now said to be a candidate for County Judge, and of course there are others still to follow. The shell, still clinging to it, conceals as yet the body and the tail of this new and strange birth, but the head, as we have said, is certainly Mr. Lytle—the gentleman who once sat upon the County Bench, but made no reputation as a jurist, we believe, at least not in foreign countries. Still he is a respectable man, and without doubt watches Billy Ball's still-house with both zeal and knowledge.

The credit of conducting this protracted and painful incubation is generally, and we dare say justly, given to Mr. Miller. Why this gentleman has chosen to abandon his old party, even before he has entirely ceased to draw its pay, we are not fully advised. Presumably because we have not had offices enough with which to fully reward his brilliant party services. However that may be, this is still a tolerably free country, thanks to the democratic party, and every one has a perfect right, with or without reason, to change his coat or his friends whenever he sees proper. We therefore part with Mr. Miller, who as a democrat has made a very good office indeed, in the kindest spirit—nay, even with resignation, and congratulate our republican friends upon the acquisition of a new Boss.

As we are thus likely, at this late day, to meet a determined and perhaps bitter opposition, it is in order to call democratic attention, and the scrutiny of every body else, to the gentlemen who compose our ticket. Certainly our party has not, in selecting its candidates, taken that advantage of the people which is sometimes prompted by an assured majority. These men are not place-hunters, party hacks or wire-pullers. They are not the product of a clique or ring. They are of and from the people. They are conservative, they are respectable, they are representative. They were chosen, not in the back-room of a postoffice, but in open daylight and before the people. Look at them a moment:

ELLIS W. BROWN.—An upright, christian gentleman, an intelligent and faithful judge, against whom nothing has been said, or can be said, by any person in the county, white or black.

JOHN BLAIN.—The best Clerk any county ever had, whose records are models of neatness and accuracy, whose office is brightened continually with as fine a grace and as rare a courtesy as ever presided in a drawing-room, and whose intellect and integrity would do honor to any position, even the highest in the gift of the State.

D. R. CARPENTER.—A modest and mainly young fellow, with both brains and culture.

TON NEWLAND.—Sober, steady, honest as the sun—as humane a jailer, and yet as vigilant as ever drew bolt upon a republican fellow-citizen.

JOHN N. MENEPEE.—Quiet, resolute, courteous. When had Lincoln county ever a more faithful or efficient sheriff?

JOE HOCKER.—A young man of conceded capacity and energy, and of the highest character.

W. J. DAUGHERTY AND FRANK HOWARD.—Both good men, true and tried.

What more, gentlemen, would you have? We doubt if either party, in any county in the State has presented a ticket near so strong or so good. Independently of party pride and allegiance, independently of the obligation gentlemen usually feel themselves under to stand by a ticket of their own making, are not these men worthy of the sacrifice of one day and a little ease? Are they not, on their own merits, entitled to our cordial and united support?

Don't make the mistake of supposing that we will have a walk over. The colored gentleman and the sore-head *always* vote, and on the shortest notice. Don't make the mistake, either, of thinking that the defeat of a county ticket is of no consequence in a political point of view. A great campaign may be won or lost by a skirmish at an outpost. Brace up boys, and front into line! The party of greed and of hate, the party of bummers and of bondholders has tried the patience and picked the pockets of a free people just a trifle too long. The dawn of a splendid triumph is tucky.

beginning to streak the Eastern clouds and to touch with prophetic fire the folds of the brave old banner we have followed so long in darkness and defeat. There's music in the air for democrats who can hear it, and it is a bad time to desert your colors, or to struggle with the sutlers in the rear.

EXTRAVAGANCE has run mad at Washington. Mr. Beck declared in the Senate that the books of the Appropriation Committee showed, "even if the Senate should adjourn to-day, and not increase any of the bills we have yet to act upon," an aggregate of \$419,202,939.22, as having been voted since Congress met in December, or at the rate of sixty millions a month! Nor will these huge appropriations foot the bills by any means. In three or four remaining weeks of the session five or ten millions will be added to this enormous total. It is safe to assume, in any event, that the excess of ordinary appropriations for the current year over that which has just expired will be between thirty-five and forty millions of dollars! Mr. Aldrich, of Rhode Island, puts the difference at a still higher figure than Mr. Beck, and he explains it in part by saying, "increase in general deficiency made necessary by the inadequate appropriations of the preceding Democratic Congress, \$7,265,054.96." But how do such deficiencies arise? The Senator from Rhode Island knows that existing laws forbid contracts being made beyond the appropriations and forbid the appropriations from being diverted from one object to another. The heads of departments defy the statutes. They pay no more heed to these restrictions than if they were obsolete. They expend the money voted, and go on to expend more without the least color of authority. They are liable to impeachment, but a Republican Congress would never think of impeaching Republican officials who help to run the party machine, and who extort from subordinates the payment of Hubbell's political blackmail. Twenty-nine millions of deficiencies have been voted at this session, and some of them for stale and suspicious claims that have been before Congress for a generation. The Republicans came into this Congress with the avowed intention of making up for a long absence from the public crib, during six years of Democratic ascendancy in the House of Representatives. They have lived up to this promise. Nothing since the days of Grantism compares with their prodigality at the present session. —[N. Y. Sun.]

The New York *Herald* is not so blindly partisan as not to see the drift of public feeling. It says: "The republicans are not going to have any margin to spare this fall. The shameless extravagance of their party in Congress; the refusal to relieve the burdens of the people; the Robeson scandals; the Jay Hubble scandals; the Star-route cases, all are leading thoughtful republicans everywhere to doubt whether it is not on the whole best for the country to let 'the grand old party' slip back into the minority for awhile. In this State there are probably at least 50,000 republican voters hospitably harboring this thought."

The appalling magnitude of the pension grants is shown by the following from the New York *Sun*: "It is estimated upon the present basis that over two thousand millions of dollars will be needed to pay the pension claims. And new bills are now before Congress intended to include additional classes of claimants. The appropriations and deficiencies for the current year will more than double the aggregate for the fiscal year just expired, which was sixty-six millions. The expenses attending the adjustment of these claims were \$1,240,700 for the year 1881-82, and they will be \$2,962,300 for the year 1882-83."

The editor of the Cincinnati *Commercial* who is not a "stalwart of the stalwarts" and therefore not entitled to wear one of the brasscollars around his neck, says: "As a work of art the beaten brass medal of the 306 would be improved by the pathetic inscription—I am going to the Lord—I am so glad; and then the whole thing would be so remarkable."

ANOTHER disgusting duel has been fought in Virginia. One of old Governor Wise's sons, who is now the right bower of Billy Mahone, and a man named Crockett were the principals, and after firing five harmless shots at each other, their wounded honor were healed, and they shook hands across the bloodless chasm.

The Senate has laid away the Tax bill and taken up the Naval appropriation bill. This indicates that Congress will be likely to adjourn the last of next week, which, it is hoped, will do.

The Billy Miller bolt is not likely to assume the proportions of the Billy Mahone in Virginia, nor even the little one of McHenry-Jacob in Ken-

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—Business is being resumed at Alexandria. A dynamite cartridge, put into the mails, was found in a down-town New York letter-box Wednesday.

—The Government pays \$186,000 a year for offices in Washington, exclusive of the buildings owned by it.

—At the Saratoga races, Wednesday, Standford Keller, Warfield, Wildfire, and Rose were the winning horses.

—The National Association of Veterans of the Mexican War will be held in Nashville, September 13, 14 and 15.

—The sum of \$25,000 will probably be appropriated to bring home the remains of Captain De Long and comrades.

—The Duke of Westminster recently paid \$70,000 for Doncaster. This is said to be the highest price ever paid for any horse.

—Within a week or so, more than twenty business-houses in the city will be lighted with the electric light.—[Lexington Transcript.]

—Franklin Simmons, the sculptor, is at work in his studio in Rome, Italy, on a colossal statue of the late Oliver P. Morton.

—A Convention has been called to meet at Hazel Green in Wolfe county, to nominate a democratic candidate for Congress in the 10th District.

—The anti-Mahone republicans of Virginia, have selected Rev. J. M. Dawson, colored, of Williamsburg, as candidate for Congressman-at-large.

—May Booth, a colored girl, aged fourteen years, has been sentenced to hang at Petersburg, Va., for poisoning Mrs. R. C. Gray and Louis Jane.

—The Governor of Iowa, has distributed \$28,244, contributed from various sources, for the relief of the sufferers by the cyclone in that State.

—A probable compilation of the Cuba sugar crop fixes it at 601,500 tons being an excess of twenty-two and three-quarters per cent. over the last crop.

—Hunter Wood, of Christian county, has been elected a member of the Democratic State Central Committee in place of Capt. Stone, of Lyon, resigned.

—Chicago has added an engine to increase its daily water supply by about thirty million gallons, making the total supply a hundred and thirty million gallons a day.

—A party of Indians attacked a wagon train near Clifton, N. M., killing two men.

—The wagons wounded and captured one Indian, and roasted him alive after the fight.

—In the Chicago prison an inmate, named John Prindell, an imbecile, confined in the same cell with Wm. J. Clarke, unbuttoned Clarke's wooden leg and beat him to death.

—The Governor of Kentucky costs the people just about \$10,000 a year and house free besides. This is a little steep for a very common Governor.—[Rising Sun (Ind.) Recorder.]

—Jacob Johnson, a farmer living near Lexington, Ky., started home "tight," and next morning he was found inside his gate, with his head battered, and his pocket-book and \$500 gone.

—Chief Justice Waite has issued a writ of *habeas corpus* in the case of General N. M. Curtis, who was arrested in New York City for violation of the laws regulating civil service reform.

—It is a good thing to have a wheat crop so large that the greatest of speculators can not corner it. Should they be crushed under it there would be no tears.—[Cincinnati Commercial.]

—Mess. Mason, Shanahan & Co., the large railroad contractors, are the highest bidders for the labor in the Kentucky penitentiary, the bid footing up \$22,500. They will no doubt be awarded the lease.

—Sullivan and Tug Wilson signed articles for another glove fight, same terms as the first, to take place August 14. Sullivan proposes the fight to take place in a Western State, for \$5,000 a side.

—A dispatch states that the deaths among the Russian Creoles, in Alaska, from the plague, a combination of scarlet fever and measles, continue, causing much desolation; only a lack of material will cause a cessation of the mortality, which is fearful, and increasing.

—Captain John S. Wise, Readjuster candidate for Congressman-at-large, and John S. Crockett, Commonwealth's Attorney for Wythe county, fought a duel near Christiansburg, Va., Tuesday morning. Two rounds were fired, neither party hurt, and the affair terminated satisfactorily.

—The leading citizens of Kansas City Mo., have organized the Kansas City Exposition Company and elected officers. Capital stock \$50,000. The first annual Exposition will open September 29 at the Fair Grounds, and will be devoted to the interests of farming, mechanics and general industries.

—The horse presented to Gen. Wulford last Saturday was purchased here of Mr. Lloyd Walker, for \$155. The sum of \$300 was subscribed for the purchase, but as a suitable animal was by good fortune secured for less, the committee decided to present Gen. Wulford with the balance in money.—[Lebanon Standard.]

—The New York *World* (Dem.) says: Neither is Mr. Blackburn looked up to with general veneration. In fact, Mr. Blackburn has probably done his party more mischief than any other man in Congress. It was mainly his ridiculous eloquence in the 45th Congress that prevented the return of one democratic successor to that body.

—The writ of error from the Supreme Court of the United States to the Kentucky Court of Appeals, in the case of John Bush, the negro sentenced to be hung at Lexington to-day, comes while the latter Court is not in session, and upon the legal advice of Judge Lindsay the Governor has respite Bush until the 14th of next November.

—Marin Hoerlein, an ex-Lutheran minister, cut his throat at New York yesterday morning with a razor, and attempted to kill himself. While pastor of a Lutheran church in Holland, Erie county, New York, in 1876, Hoerlein was convicted of arson and sentenced for seven years, but, through the influence of friends, was released last November.

—Another disgusting duel has been fought in Virginia. One of old Governor Wise's sons, who is now the right bower of Billy Mahone, and a man named Crockett were the principals, and after firing five harmless shots at each other, their wounded honor were healed, and they shook hands across the bloodless chasm.

—The Senate has laid away the Tax bill and taken up the Naval appropriation bill. This indicates that Congress will be likely to adjourn the last of next week, which, it is hoped, will do.

—The Billy Miller bolt is not likely to assume the proportions of the Billy Mahone in Virginia, nor even the little one of McHenry-Jacob in Ken-

—The Missouri democrats, in Convention at Jefferson City, Wednesday, nominated Thos. J. Sherwood, present incumbent, for Judge Supreme Court, Jas. Hardin for R. R. Com'r., and W. E. Coleman for Supt. Public Instruction.

—At Augusta, Ky., Tuesday night, Ivan W. Bowman, a stock dealer walked up to R. D. Lane, Town Marshal, placed the muzzle of a shotgun to his breast and fired, killing him instantly. Bowman escaped, was captured in a corn-field, and is now in jail at Brookville. The feeling is very bitter against Bowman, and there is some fear of violence. No reason is known at present for the murder, other than that Lane beat Bowman for the Marshalship at the last election.

—The figures showing the internal revenue collections for the year ending June 30th have just come to hand, and by it is seen that Kentucky shells out for the general benefit something over ten and a half million dollars. Stuart has collected from the Second district, \$955,021; Wilson and Buckner in the Fifth, \$4,467,730; Finzell in the Sixth, \$3,435,658; Swope in the Seventh, \$1,281,464; Landram in the Eighth, \$221,709; and Blaine in the Ninth, \$169,660. The Peoria, Ill., district pays much more than any other, \$13,367,983; and the Cincinnati district pays \$11,925,253.

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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, - - July 28, 1882

L. & N. LOCAL TIME CARD.

Passenger trains North..... 9 10 A. M.

" South..... 2 65 P. M.

LOCAL NOTICES.

Buy PAINTS of Penny & McAlister.

ELEVEN POUNDS Sugar for \$1 at McAlister & Bright's.

SALT, Lime and Cement constantly on hand & A. Owsley's.

New stock of Jewelry and Silverware at Penny & McAlister's.

CIDER MILLS, Sorgoma Mills and evaporators for sale by A. Owsley.

LOVERS of Good Tea will find the best in the city at Penny & McAlister's.

WANTED.—1,000 bu. Irish Potatoes for cash or trade. — McAlister & Bright.

WATCHES, Clocks and Jewelry repaired and warranted by Penny & McAlister.

WANTED.—Country person, highest market price in cash paid. — McAlister & Bright.

YOUNG men, 5-cent and 2-cent cigar in town at Penny & McAlister's.

J. H. & S. H. SHANKS are receiving and opening a nice new lot of Zeigler Shoes—low cut.

A FULL line of California Canned Goods, including Apricots, Grapes, Pears, Peaches and Egg Plums at McAlister and Bright's.

PERSONAL.

—MR. R. A. BURTON has malarial fever.

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LOCAL MATTERS.

SOMERSET has just been made a money-order office.

FRUIT JARS of all kinds at Bruce, Warren & Co's.

WHITE counterpanes at reduced prices at Robt. S. Lytle's.

JUST received a new line of buggy and wagon harness. W. T. Green.

ANOTHER new lot of Trunks and Valises at Bruce, Warren & Co's

THE Danville Fair will commence next Tuesday. It promises to be a good one.

THERE will be a big picnic at the Spring Hill race course, Crab Orchard, to-morrow, lasting all day.

ALL who are indebted to me for accounts due July 1st, are urgently requested to call and settle. Robt. S. Lytle.

LADIES, call and examine the light running New Home Sewing Machine, the best in the world, for sale at Chenuault, Seven-
seas & Co's.

ROVE S. BEAZLEY has a chicken with three legs, which together have 11 toes. It is alive and apparently destined to a long and useful career.

THE remains of Shephaleigh Elmore, who died recently at the Anchorage Asylum, were brought here Wednesday and interred at the Drake's Creek burying-ground.

PLEASE NOTICE.—All persons indebted to Hale & Nunnelley, either by note or account will please come forward and settle the immediately. The business must be wound up. A. T. Nunnelley.

MONTICELLO SHOOTING.—In a difficulty between James Denton and George Bates, the latter was fatally shot by Robt. Southwood and Manuel Russell, friends of Denton. Bates succeeded in stabbing Russell after he was shot. Cause of row: whisky and an old grudge.

OUR attention has been called to the fact that the name of Mr. J. N. Menefee is omitted from our list of candidates. Of course this was unintentional. Mr. Menefee is the regular democratic nominee for Sheriff, and judging from his past services a more worthy man can not be chosen.

ICE CREAM FREEZERS at cost by W. T. Green.

THE Millers' Association will meet here next Monday.

MISSES Newport Slippers for 75 cents at Robt. S. Lytle's.

EIGHT or ten good brick-masons wanted at once. Henry Baughman.

IRISH POTATOES—I want to buy 50,000 bushels at once. A. T. Nunnelley Stanford.

OLD COIN.—Mr. E. H. Burnside has a silver Algerian coin which was made in 1824.

I HAVE 6 or 7 bushels of millet seed left which I will sell cheap or farm out on shares. A. Owsley.

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LOVELY WOMAN.

Confucius: Woman is the master-piece.

Herder: Woman is the crown of creation.

Franklin: He that takes a wife takes care.

Voltaire: Women teach us repose, civility and dignity.

La Fontaine: Foxes are all tail and women all tongue.

Lessing: Nature meant to make woman its masterpiece.

John Quincy Adams: All that I am my mother made me.

Whittier: If woman lost us Eden, such as she alone restores it.

Lamartine: There is a woman at the beginning of all great things.

Boucicault: I wish that Adam had died with all his ribs in his body.

E. S. Barrett: Woman is last at the cross and earliest at the grave.

N. P. Willis: The sweetest thing in life is the unclouded welcome of a wife.

Richter: No man can either live piously or die righteous without a wife.

Victor Hugo: Women detest the serpent through a professional jealousy.

Voltaire: All the reasonings of men are not worth one sentiment of women.

Leopold Scherer: But one thing on earth is better than the wife—that is the mother.

Beecher: Women are a new race, re-created since the world received Christianity.

Shakespeare: For where is any author in the world teaches such beauty as woman's eyes?

Eugene Sue: There is something still worse to be dreaded than a Jesuit, and that is a Jesuit.

Fielding: In the forming of female friendships beauty seldom recommends one woman to another.

Michelet: Woman is the Sunday of man; not his repose only, but his joy, the salt of his life.

Margaret Fuller Ossoli: Woman is born for love, and it is impossible to turn her from seeking it.

Socrates: Trust not a woman when she weeps, for it is her nature to weep when she wants her will.

Mary Wollstonecraft: As a sex women are habitually indolent, and every thing tends to make them so.

Rochebrune: It is easier for a woman to defend her virtue against men than her reputation against women.

Ben Jonson: A woman, the more curious she is about her face, is commonly the more careless about her house.

Louis Desnoyers: A woman may be ugly, ill-shaped, wicked, ignorant, silly and stupid, but hardly ever ridiculous.

Swift: The love of flattery in most men proceeds from the mean opinion they have of themselves, in women, from the contrary.

Malherbe: There are only two beautiful things in the world, women and roses; and only two sweet things, women and melons.

Southey: There are three things a wise man will not trust—the wind, the sunshine of an April day, and a woman's plighted faith.

Swift: The reason why so few marriage are happy is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.

Lord Lansdale: If the whole world were put into one scale, and my mother into the other, the world would kick the beam.

Lady Montague: It goes far toward reconciling me to being a woman when I reflect that I am thus in no danger of marrying one.

Douglas Jerrold: What women would do if they could not cry, nobody knows. What poor defenseless creatures they would be!

Bulwer Lytton: O, woman, in in-dairy cases so mere a mortal, how-ever the great and rare events of life doest thou swell into an angel!

Charles Buxton: Juliet was a fool to kill herself, for in three months she'd have married again, and been glad to be quit of Romeo.

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Bulwer Lytton: You had a narrow escape," said a policeman.

"Narrow escape," replied the man contemptuously, "jes' look at this fiddle."

"I mean that the brick just missed your head."

"Missed my head, the deuce. Look at the fiddle."

"If that brick had struck your head it would have killed you."

"Now here, that's all right. If you've stopped me to sympathize with me in the loss of my fiddle it's all right, but if you've come to speculate in regard to my head, you can just move on. I've been in Arkansas fifteen years, and have had eight shakes with chills and a touch of dew pizen. This was all right, but now that the calamities have turned their attention to my musical arrangements, I'm hanged if I don't go back to Misuri."—[Arkansas Traveler.]

Frum a way back, de chickin hab stood in de way ob a nigger's ligion.

"...I has never yit been able to diskiver why Noah tuk de buffalo gwad him into de ark. Ef I had been dar I should hab objected very serious to dat proceedin'....Ob all animals a cow kin turn aroun' look at a man de mos' pitiful. De cow natrally cites de sympathy ob de huma family. But doan' fool yerself 'bout de cow. Jes' when yer thinks dat she's givin' ober de loss ob a fren', she lifts her foot, kicks sideways an' comes mighty nigh splittin' yer wide open."—[Arkansas Traveler's Philosopher.]

There is nothing that soothes a bee-sting on a young girl so much as the remark coming from a nice young man to the effect that the bee was a discriminating insect, and knew a sweet thing when he saw it.

An Arkansas bridegroom caught the bride in his arms at the conclusion of the ceremony and dislocated two of her ribs with a violent hug.

A correspondent of one of our exchanges asks when is the best time for a gentleman to offer his hand to a lady. A very good time is when the gentleman wears a rag tied round it.

—[Glasgow Times.]

A Close Call.

The people of a little town in Warwick county have been hanging right over the brink of a fragrant church scandal, but are not aware of the fact, nor will they be until this copy of the *Argus* reaches its readers over there. Just before the close of the services last Sunday, a good brother walked forward to the pulpit, handed the minister an announcement, as he thought, and asked him to read it to the congregation before he had dismissed them. Just before time was called for the doxology, the minister said: "Brother Bramley has handed in the following," and, in a clear voice he read the note, which ran as follows:

My Own Pet Bramley—Are you never coming to see me again? I am dying to see my darling once more and gaze into his beloved eyes. The old mummy that calls herself your wife will never find it out. How can you endure her? Come, darling, to one who truly loves you. Your own, MARY.

The good brother had handed in the wrong announcement. At the close of the reading the minister looked horror-struck, the congregation stared at Bramley with cold, hard stares, and his wife rose up in her seat and glared at him like a tigress. He was equal to the occasion, however, and rising calmly with a look of perfect resignation on his face, he said: "Brothers and sisters: It may appear strange to you that I should ask our beloved pastor to read such a terrible thing as that from the pulpit, and it might be well to fight the devil is to fight him boldly face to face. The writer of that vile note is unknown to me, but is evidently some depraved child of sin who is endeavoring to besmirch my Christian reputation. I shall use every endeavor to ferret out the writer and if discovered will fearlessly proclaim her name and hold her up to the contempt of all Christian people." He sat down amid the murmur of approbation and sympathy, and his wife wanted to hug him right before the congregation. That evening he told the writer of the note what had occurred, and remarked with a grin that it was the closest call he ever had in his life.—[Evansville Argus.]

Josh Billings.

The famed writer of the Yankee proverbs is now about sixty in years, and shows it. His hair is as long and unkempt as ever, is iron gray, and his still drooping mustache is fast changing to the color of old age.

As he grows older, he seems to become more and more supremely regardless of persons, surroundings or opinions.

As he greets one with a machine-like "How do you do?" or an inanimate "Good day," the impression is conveyed that he has arrived at the state of life and prosperity where he deems it powerless to work any alteration for worse.

Billings is essentially a man of himself, tactful and unobtrusive everywhere. He is not so popular as formerly, his only work now being that which appears in the *New York Weekly*. For this service he receives, perhaps, \$3,000 a year.

His royalty for the circulation of "Proverbs," his almanacs and other works swell his yearly income to about \$5,000. He is now a willing, but not attractive lecturer; his services in this field are small and waning in demand.

Rochebrune: It is easier for a woman to defend her virtue against men than her reputation against women.

Ben Jonson: A woman, the more curious she is about her face, is commonly the more careless about her house.

Louis Desnoyers: A woman may be ugly, ill-shaped, wicked, ignorant, silly and stupid, but hardly ever ridiculous.

Swift: The love of flattery in most men proceeds from the mean opinion they have of themselves, in women, from the contrary.

Malherbe: There are only two beautiful things in the world, women and roses; and only two sweet things, women and melons.

Southey: There are three things a wise man will not trust—the wind, the sunshine of an April day, and a woman's plighted faith.

Swift: The reason why so few marriage are happy is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.

Lane Langdale: If the whole world were put into one scale, and my mother into the other, the world would kick the beam.

Lady Montague: It goes far toward reconciling me to being a woman when I reflect that I am thus in no danger of marrying one.

Douglas Jerrold: What women would do if they could not cry, nobody knows. What poor defenseless creatures they would be!

Bulwer Lytton: You had a narrow escape," said a policeman.

"Narrow escape," replied the man contemptuously, "jes' look at this fiddle."

"I mean that the brick just missed your head."

"Missed my head, the deuce. Look at the fiddle."

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A Few Incorrect Statements.

Some time ago we noticed with some regret a newspaper telegraphic dispatch from Council Bluffs which referred to a very eloquent and impressive speech delivered by us at that place, and it has worried us considerably ever since. The reference to frequent applause, more especially, has given us a good deal of pain. There are other inaccuracies in the press report referred to, and we desire to correct them before too late.

In the first place, we did not speak upon the subject which we were credited with in the much published account.

Another point to which we desire to call attention is the drift of our remarks, which seemed to have been incorrectly reported. We did not say that the Chinese must go, or that Appolinaris was gnawing at the vitals of our nation like a famished girl in the pantry after the concert. No allusion was made to the fact that the seed of a cucumber was sapping the foundations of commerce, or that the watermelon habit would soon make us a nation of Bantams.

All these statements we are prepared to prove when it shall become necessary.

We did not attack the great national questions of the tariff, hell or adulterated codfish balls. Neither did we enter into the discussion of irrigating the continental divide and planting it with pomegranates. We avoided the usual hobbies upon which we generally speak. We make this statement justice to ourselves, as we have been placed in a false position, and it might hurt us in the full campaign. Another little matter might be mentioned which is that from the pulpit, and it might be well to fight the devil is to fight him boldly face to face. The writer of that vile note is unknown to me, but is evidently some depraved child of sin who is endeavoring to besmirch my Christian reputation. I shall use every endeavor to ferret out the writer and if discovered will fearlessly proclaim her name and hold her up to the contempt of all Christian people.

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